

Imperio

Chapter 5

Harry suddenly woke up to a very pleasant sensation. His eyes fluttered open, and he blinked in confusion. He then remembered that he had fallen asleep with Fleur in her room. The room was somewhat dark, with only a nightlight providing enough faint light for him to see. The sun had set, and the windows were dark. He had only meant to take a nap with her, but they seemed to have slept for a few hours extra.

Fleur's back was to him, and one of her legs was bent at the knee and sticking up in the air. He could feel the palm of her hand resting against the bottom of her shaft while she ground her pussy against the top of it. He could immediately tell how wet she was based on not only the insane slickness of her lips but also the heavy smell of her arousal. Fleur whimpered and pressed harder against him. "Fleur?" he called out, his voice gruff with sleepiness.

"I'm sorry, 'Arry, but I could not 'elp it," she apologized but never stopped rubbing herself against him. "I was so aroused when I woke that ..." she continued, but Harry stopped her by kissing her bare shoulder. Fleur shuddered and stroked his cock before going back to rubbing herself against it. The smell of Fleur's hair increased his already heightened sense of arousal. She started grinding on it so hard that it was threatening to slip inside of her. It seemed that was exactly what she wanted. "May I?" she asked, her voice thick with lust.

Harry slipped an arm over her belly and cupped one of her large breasts. He softly squeezed it and gently rubbed her nipple with his thumb. The little nub was already incredibly hard, and Fleur let out a cute little moan when he started playing with it. She took that as a yes and slid herself up his cock until the head was at her opening. With a little pressure, she popped the head between her lips, and Harry finished it off by thrusting forward. The sensation of her wet, silky walls sliding against his shaft was a feeling Harry would never get tired of. Fleur was so tight but somehow easy to penetrate. The sheer wetness of her slick cunt was mindblowing. Her perfect body trembled with excitement as inch after inch of him reached new depths. When he was almost all the way in, the head hit her cervix, and Fleur squealed. She dropped her leg, but Harry wasn't having any of that. She had worked him up too much. He pushed his arm between her closed legs and hooked her top leg under the knee. He then lifted her leg back up and kept it in position. Fleur gasped and arched her back when he immediately started thrusting into her.

"Mon Dieu!" she cried out in French. "You're splitting me in two!"

Harry chuckled happily while his hips moved back and forth at a steady pace. His groin was smacking against her thick cheeks and producing a loud, fleshy clapping sound. "Do you want me to slow down?" he teased, slowing his tempo.

"Non!" Fleur squeaked as Harry angled his thrust and hit her special spot. Her pussy instantly tightened, making the pleasure even better for him. "Go faster," she begged through a moan.

Harry did just that. He used the same arm that was holding her leg open and placed his fingers on her clit. He moved them down and wetted them on her dripping pussy before moving them back up to her hard bead. Harry slowly worked his fingers around her throbbing clit while he bucked his hips faster. Fleur's gorgeous body quivered with delight, and her mouth spread into an open smile.

"Oui, 'Arry! Oui!" she squealed through labored breaths. "Just like that!"

Harry didn't have to hold her leg up any longer. She was keeping it open for him as Harry pounded her raw pussy from behind. Her constant squeals and moans of pleasure were something Harry would never get tired of hearing. The smooth flesh of her shapely thighs rippled with every powerful thrust of Harry's hips. Her room was filled with their moans and the scent of her wet pussy. Fleur reached behind her and gripped the hair on the back of his head. She then turned her head and pulled him in for a kiss. Her mouth opened the moment his lips touched hers. Harry obliged her and took her tongue into his mouth. He loved feeling her tongue vibrate with every deep moan that she let out. His fingers rubbed circles around her swollen clit while his thumb caressed the exceptionally soft and smooth skin of her mound.

He could easily tell when she was getting close. Her breathing became ragged, and her walls clutched his shaft with intensity. Harry then pinched her clit softly and rolled it between his fingers. Fleur broke the kiss and cried out loud enough that he was sure that everyone in the house heard it. Down below, he could feel the juices flowing from her cumming pussy. The sound of their rutting became depraved and perverse. Her body began trembling right before her lower half bucked hard. Fleur hid her face in the pillow and moaned loudly. Harry kissed all the way up her shoulder to the side of her neck.

"You're so damn tight," Harry grunted as he hammered into her squelching pussy. "I don't think I can hold on any ..."

"Cum inside!" Fleur squeaked into the pillow as her pussy continued to milk his cock. Harry accepted her invitation and immediately released inside of her. He moaned against her neck as he emptied his balls into her. He could feel her silky walls fluttering around him and draining his balls of every last drop of cum. Fleur squeaked repeatedly as her body spasmed through the powerful orgasm. Harry held her tight until she finally stopped spasming. She then exhaled loudly and brushed the hair from her face.

"C'était magnifique," Fleur choked out through a giddy laugh. Harry chuckled in return and slid his hand up her belly and back onto her breast. He toyed with her hard nipple with his thumb, making her mewl happily. His cock slowly deflated and slipped from her cum-soaked pussy. Fleur took another deep breath before angling her body to kiss him again. For several minutes, he explored her mouth and tongue before she broke the kiss and went back to lying on her side. Harry's groin was pressed firmly against her jutting cheeks. He waited for her to say something,

but within minutes, she was breathing steadily and soundly asleep. Harry shook his head and closed his eyes. He quickly fell asleep holding her perfect breast.

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They both woke very early the next morning. The sun hadn't even risen yet, but Fleur sat up and yawned loudly while lifting her arms over her head while stretching. Harry didn't even pretend that he wasn't staring at her lovely tits, and Fleur wasn't bothered by it. She smiled at him even as her cheeks slightly pinkened. She dropped her arms, causing her breasts to jiggle merrily. As he looked at them, he witnessed her nipples go from flat and slightly puffy to rock hard. Fleur blushed even harder while keeping them uncovered. Harry then looked back up at her pretty face. "Did you sleep well?" he asked her.

"Very well, thank you," she replied, fixing her messy hair. "You wore me out," she joked. Harry smiled before yawning as well. He scratched the top of his head and got out of bed. He didn't cover up either, thinking it was only fair. Fleur's undeniable sexiness had his cock half-hard. She took a quick glance at it before cursing in pain when her fingers got caught in a particularly tight bundle of knotted hair. She removed her fingers from her hair and huffed.

"I better go shower. I'm a complete mess right now," she said.

"Personally, I think you've never looked better," he cheekily stated, checking out her naked ass. Fleur snorted good-naturedly.

"Typical man," she giggled, though he could tell that she enjoyed the compliment.

"If I'm a typical man, then maybe I should act like one," he joked, reaching out to grab a handful of ass. Fleur squealed and swatted his hand away before bolting to the bathroom while laughing. He heard the shower turn on, so he grabbed his clothes and went back to his room, not bothering to dress. Apolline had already seen him naked, and Gabrielle certainly wouldn't mind if she got an eyeful.

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As soon as the sun had risen, Fleur had gone off to do her daily activities. She left the house seemingly much happier than before ... Something Apolline was quick to notice.

"Fleur seems happy," Apolline teased as she made herself a cup of freshly squeezed orange juice in the kitchen. Harry was just happy to sit there and watch her. She was quite gorgeous in her dainty summer dress.

"What can I say?" he teased back. "I've learned that Veela can be quite amorous," Harry joked, which caused Apolline to laugh.

“Indeed we can,” she shot him a pretty smile. “Tonight is Gabrielle’s lesson. From how she looks at you, I can safely say she will be just as passionate as Fleur and me.”

As it turned out, Apolline was completely correct in her assessment. He hadn’t seen Gabrielle all day, but when it came time for her lesson, she made sure she was there and on time. Harry politely knocked on her door, and before he could even finish knocking, the door swung open, revealing Gabby’s pretty face, which wore an expression of excitement with a mixture of embarrassment. “It’s time for your ... woah!” Harry exclaimed as Gabby grabbed his wrist and pulled him into her room. The door shut behind him. She led him to the bed and stopped. Her hand was still firmly gripping his wrist. When she realized that she may have been acting a little rude, she blushed and apologized.

“Sorry, ‘Arry. I am just a bit excited to begin,” she told him. Harry smiled kindly at her and nodded.

“It’s okay, Gabby. I understand,” he assured the young Veela. Harry then got his first good look at her that afternoon. Like her mother, Gabby wore a summer dress that hugged her upper half. The lower half, however, was quite a bit shorter than the dress Apolline had been wearing. It ended more than halfway up Gabby’s thighs. His eyes drifted down Gabby’s smooth, pale legs onto her bare feet. He discovered that she had had her nails done that day. The previous day, her nails had been painted baby blue. Now, they were a burgundy red. Also, her hair looked a little more stylish than normal. It appeared that Gabby had spent some time getting fixed up at the salon that day. Harry refrained from chuckling at the girl’s behavior. He found it endearing that she was so excited to spend some quality time with him.

The neckline of her dress drew his eyes next. It plunged deep, though not so much that it looked trashy. His eyes moved to the valley of cleavage she was presenting to him. He saw the gentle swell of her breasts, and he was eager to see what was hiding underneath her top. His attention was drawn away from her beautiful tits when she spoke.

“We can start ... if you want?” she quickly added the last part, probably not wanting to sound too eager. Her hand was still holding onto him. Harry wanted to give her one last chance to back out, though he knew she wouldn’t take it.

“Are you sure you want to go through with this?” Harry asked her. “I’m sure with time, you’ll figure out how to fight the curse without having to ...” he started, but she quickly stopped him.

“I think this is the best way,” she said with conviction. “Besides, both Maman and Fleur enjoyed your lessons,” she told him before clearing her throat. “I ‘eard through my bedroom wall ‘ow much Fleur enjoyed them last night,” she sniffed, wishing it had been her moaning in rapture. Harry scratched the back of his head in embarrassment.

“Sorry about that,” he apologized for the inconvenience. Gabby smiled prettily at him.

"I'm sure you will make it up to me," she said with passion in her eyes. Her hand gripped his wrist a little tighter.

Harry wasn't sure what to make of Gabby. It would be difficult to coax her into fighting the curse if she desperately wanted to be taken by him in every way possible. His best bet was to try a few things and come up with a plan on the fly. "Okay, Gabby. Let's start the lesson and see how it goes," he told her. Gabby beamed and let go of his wrist.

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Harry watched as Gabrielle's eyes glazed and her body stiffened. She then blinked a few times and loosened her muscles. He could see that she was ready. Placing his wand on the small nightstand by her bed, Harry sat down on the edge of the bed, grabbed her by the hips, and directed her between his parted legs. He angled his head upward to get a good look at her. Gabby was looking down at him, waiting for instructions. Harry placed his hands on the backs of her thighs and gently tickled her soft skin. Gabby let out a shuddering gasp, and Harry immediately caught a faint whiff of her arousal. She was clearly looking forward to her new and improved lessons.

"Tell me, Gabby ... Do you have a crush on me?" he asked, trying to embarrass her. He moved his hands up the backs of her thighs and over her curvy hips. He was a bit surprised when he only felt the curve of her hips and a lot of smooth skin. She wasn't wearing any panties.

"Yes," she answered instantly. "I 'ave for a long time."

"Do you think about me ... sexually, that is?" Harry asked as he moved his hands to her ass. He grabbed a handful of both cheeks and squeezed them.

"Yes ... All the time," she answered truthfully. Harry kneaded her bottom and slightly spread her cheeks. His fingers crept between them, dangerously close to her asshole. Gabby's body was gently quivering from his touch.

"What do you fantasize about when you think of me?" Harry asked with a teasing expression. Like Apolline and Fleur, Gabby's skin was very warm to the touch and incredibly soft.

"I think about us making love," she told him. "Sometimes I think about you coming into my room and demanding that I get on my knees and service you," she told him. That last part made her a little embarrassed.

"So, you want me to barge into your room uninvited, pull out my cock, and demand that you suck it until I fill your pretty little mouth with cum?" Harry amusedly asked her. The smell of her arousal was growing stronger.

“I would like that, yes,” she said, placing her shaky hands on his shoulders while he played with her ass.

“Interesting,” Harry said in a sing-song voice. “Lift up the bottom of your dress,” he commanded. Gabby’s hands left his shoulders and immediately lifted the skirt of her dress without hesitation. Harry knew she wasn’t trying to fight it at all. This would be a problem. As much as he loved pleasuring the Delacour women, it was still his job to teach them to protect themselves. If Gabby wasn’t going to fight it, he would have to think of a way to make her.

He watched as the bottom of her dress rose up her pale thighs until the bottom of her flat belly and perfectly smooth mound were exposed. Then, the smell of her wet pussy hit him full in the face, and he found it very difficult not to throw her down on the bed and have his way with her. His eyes went to the triangular gap between her pussy and thighs. He could see the wetness clinging to her taut lips. Harry lowered his head and leaned in. He first kissed her lower belly and felt her tremble. He kissed around to her hip while firmly holding onto her ass. Gabby moaned and then squeaked when he lightly nipped her skin with his teeth. He removed his lips from her body and gave her ass a little slap before standing up.

Harry kicked off his shoes and removed his shirt. “Come closer,” Harry ordered, and Gabby quickly complied. She was practically pressed against his chest as she stood there waiting for his next order. Harry leaned in and kissed her soft lips. Gabby’s mouth immediately opened for him. As he explored her lips, his hands went to her back, and he unzipped her dress. He then slipped it off her shoulders and pushed it down her chest. He broke the kiss and got his first look at her breasts. Gabby’s breasts looked quite similar to Fleur’s and Apolline’s, though not as big. He guessed she still had some growing to do. Still, they were perfectly shaped and extremely perky. The tips of her nipples were stiff and crinkled, so Harry reached out and pinched them between his fingers. He rolled the little nubs, making Gabby shudder and squirm. “Are they sensitive?” he asked, giving her hard nipples a soft tug.

“Yes, they are,” she gasped as he flicked his thumbs over them.

“Do you play with them a lot?” he wondered as he let them go and slid his hands up and down her ribcage. Gabby’s skin instantly goosebumped.

“I do when I masturbate,” she admitted with only slight reluctance.

“Have you ever let another boy play with them?” he teased while moving his hands around to her bare back. He let his fingertips gently dance across her skin, causing her eyes to flutter.

“No ... never,” she told him.

“I guess the boys of Beauxbatons don’t know what they’re missing out on,” Harry joked and cupped her breasts. Though not as big as the others’, they still felt heavy in his hands. He pinched her nipples one last time before grabbing her dress and pushing it down over her hips.

Harry knelt on one knee and pulled the dress from her feet. He then pushed both arms between her legs and hooked her around the backs of her thighs. He stood, lifting her up. Gabrielle squeaked in surprise as her body rose. She continued to rise until her legs were draped over his shoulders. She gripped his hair tightly, afraid to fall. Harry walked her to her bedroom wall and pressed her against it. Her wet pussy was pressed right up against his mouth, and again, Gabby didn't try to fight it. Harry gave her an experimental lick to see her reaction. When his tongue flicked against her swollen clit, Gabby moaned and spread her thighs a bit more. Harry sighed against her pussy. He was going to have to try something new.

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Gabrielle's back hit the mattress, and she watched Harry reach over and grab his wand. He then waved it at her, and the strange fog lifted from her mind. She blinked a few times as her mind settled. She was on her back with her legs bent at the knee and spread wide open. "Were you even trying to fight off the curse, Gabby?" she heard Harry ask.

She looked up at his handsome face and blushed deeply. No part of her had tried to fight it. She wanted him to take advantage of her. She wanted him to claim her body. Gabby was only slightly ashamed of herself when she shook her head. Harry sighed and tapped his wand against his chin while thinking. Gabby's heart was thumping loudly in her chest. Her legs were wide open with a clear invitation. Her virgin pussy was soaking wet and ready to be fucked, so why wasn't he already on top of her? She looked at the front of his trousers and saw that his hidden cock was hard. He obviously wanted her.

"'Arry?" she called out desperately and pressed her foot against the bulge in his trousers. She slowly began rubbing his erection through his pants. Gabby nearly hyperventilated when she discovered his size.

"I guess I'm going to have to do things a little differently," he said, waving his wand at his trousers. It disappeared off his body, reappeared mid-air, and neatly folded itself before landing on her desk. With his trousers now gone, Gabby got a good look at his penis. Her mouth slightly dried at the sight. It was so thick and long, she discovered while gently stroking it with the bottom of her foot.

"What do you mean?" she asked in confusion. She then gasped when he sandwiched his cock between the soles of her feet. He slowly began thrusting. Gabby blushed deeply at the naughty sensation.

"Since you seem to want sex so badly, I'm going to withhold it until you successfully break the curse," he said with a smirk. Gabby was horrified.

"But that's not fair!" she cried out through the pleasure of having her feet fucked by the man of her dreams. Didn't he know how bad her pussy was tingling? She needed the relief. Harry just chuckled at her objection.

"It's also not fair that you're barely even trying. I think this will motivate you enough," Harry told her as his cock rubbed against her delicate skin. Gabby flushed pink at his gentle rebuke. She then thought that maybe she could tempt him to reconsider. She reached down and rubbed her pussy before using two fingers to spread her lips open. Gabby exposed her slick, pink insides to a boy for the first time in her life.

"Don't you want me?" she asked in a pouty voice.

"Of course ... and I'll have you when you break the curse at least once," he promised. Harry then pulled his cock from her feet and pressed the bottom of it against her exposed opening. Harry slid his cock back and forth, and as it rubbed against her clit, Gabby gasped and arched her back. "If you can do it one time, I'll spend the entire night with you," Harry added.

Gabby's eyes went wide. "The whole night?" she asked in a warbly, pleasurable voice. Her clit was very sensitive, after all.

"The whole night," Harry nodded with a promise. Now Gabby was very motivated.

"Okay ... I'll try really 'ard," she shakily assured him while staring at his cock as it slid across her soaked pussy. The bottom of his shaft was coated in her juices. Harry looked at her and smiled. Gabby blushed prettily but looked back at him unabashed.

"Good," Harry nodded and pointed his wand at her. "Let's try it again," he said, hitting her with the curse.